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GOD'S ANVIL.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers
And trembles at the flery glow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in His hottest fire hold still.

On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it
With the great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,

The sparks fly off at every blow;

He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,

And lets it cool, and makes it glow;

And yet I whisper, As God will!

And in His mighty hands hold still.

Why should I murmur? For the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting, As God will!
And trusting to the end, hold still.

ANON.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A BAD BOY.

VOU have heard of the friendship that sprang up between the lion and the mouse and the courtesies that passed between the spider and the prisoner. I am reminded of some such an affaire du coeur by a sight of a friend of mine taking his ease before my spacious hearth. See how gracefully and how to the manner born he deports himself in that great arm-chair. Any one might tell at a glance that he is no plebeian. Pure patrician he, for in his veins flows the rich purple of noble ancestors. Noble, did I say? Aye, verily, divine; for was not she his great-grand-dame, the royal Semiramis, than whom no more aristocratic feline ever tossed music starward in the still watches of the night? Many a night and oft the wind made merry serenade as it slid with Aeolian softness through her whiskers, and often, too, the neighbors hurled divers missiles at her devoted head, but Semiramis was never there. One sylphlike bound saw her safe under the eaves of some friendly woodshed, and then a never-touched-me expression would inform her countenance. Only a psychologist could analyze the conflicting emotions that swayed Semiramis on occasions of this nature.

All this, however, is neither here nor there. Semiramis won her spurs in hotter service than this, and the occasion was of more immediate concern to the writer. When I was of that age which nothing fears the world, the flesh, and the devil,

I used often deviate from the path that is narrow and straight, and in consequence had many disagreeable interviews with the head of the family. Among my other peccadilloes was a penchant for breaking into the family commissariat and demolishing the jams and other edenda. On no few occasions I had felt the chastening rod for this offence, but the seat of the craving was constitutional and bore down my stoutest resolutions of amendment. The doors were always locked, but when did bolts and bars subdue the genius of youth? An iron door led into the cellar from without, and by stretching my ingenuity, I finally succeeded in opening the spring-lock at will.

The day Semiramis enrolled herself among the immortals, I had squirmed into the cellar via the iron door, and was revelling in that joy, which only he can know, who has a forty-eight calibre appetite and a forbidden apple before him. My hunger was monstrous. The day before Willie Simpson had come strolling up our alley, and as we had no fence in the rear, I saw him as he came from behind the barn. Willie saw me, he held up two fingers, a bit of freemasonry with which all boys are conversant. Now as swimming was strictly under the bann with me, I feigned ignorance of the sign.

Willie was not to be put off thus easily.

"Come on, let's go swimmin'", said he. I was sitting on the kitchen steps, and mother was ironing within. Fear of Willie's scorn and mother's wrath struggled to make answer. Finally I grew desperate. "Come on", said I with great bravado.

"What's that?" this from within.

"Willie here and me are goin' swimmin'."

"Young man sit right down on those steps and don't move till I tell you to."

The tone of voice meant business, so I sat down.

"Gee whiz, I wouldn't have a mother like that," said Willie; "mine lets me do most anything I want to."

Secretly I acknowledged his superiority, but I said nothing.

Pretty soon the monster in the kitchen spoke again.

"John — ny!" the last syllable prolonged and two octaves higher than the first.

No anwer.

Then the voice came to the doorway and said: "John!"

"What?" I answered, looking straight before me.

"Will you go to the grocery for me?"

This was spoken in a conciliatory voice. I thought it was an overture for peace. Now is my time, thought I. I will show her that I have a heart of iron. So I answered quite firmly, "No."

"John," said mother, "tell me once for all.

Are you going to the grocery for me?"

Willie Simpson whispered in my ear:

"Tell her, by gosh, you wont."

"No, by gosh, I wont," said I.

No more was said. All the same, I suffered mental agony all afternoon. At five o'clock my father came home, and then I suffered corporally. Willie Simpson and the rest of the crowd stood outside the barn and heard the noise. I tried to explain to them that it didn't hurt, but somehow my veracity was not respected.

I went to bed disconsolate. Eat supper? No, my pride was wounded, my dignity outraged. I would die soon, and then they would all be sorry. Willie Simpson would come out to the grave among the flowers and read in a solemn voice the epitaph I had written:

Here Lays John Hays A Grate Hero.

Musing thus I went to sleep.

The next morning I kept my stoic resolution to die of starvation until after breakfast. That is the reason ten o'clock found me so hungry in the cellar. About this time Semiramis with that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, saw the open door and determined to forage. With soft step she stole up and leaped into the cellar, but not so lightly as not to knock down the prop I had placed to the door. As it banged to, visions of chastisement flashed on me, for by this time my interest in life was restored. Then the saving grace of a great idea struck me. In about half an hour it would be time to prepare dinner. This fact, a jar of milk, Semiramis, and myself formed a combination that saved me from a thrashing. In silence I bided my time. After a wait of some moments I heard the key grate in the lock. was the time for action. I ducked the queenly head of Semiramis into the crock of milk, gave her an awful pinch, and shoved her toward the cellar

door. The cat saw the light and made a dash for liberty, the tell-tale milk dripping from her head. I suppose a goose should have known that a cat doesn't go swimming when it laps milk, but the cat-astrophe was so sudden that mother only saw the cat and the milk, and drew her conclusion from the combination. That is, she did so after her fright was subsided. The ulula feminina of Virgil resounded through the house in her vain search for holy water.

In the mean time I slipped away unobserved, far removed from all desire of death. Thus Semiramis preserved her progeny from the mill-stone usually tied around the necks of all cats, for I hold it a matter of conscience to give each generation a place before the fire; my sense of honor, you will observe, has been developed some. True, Semiramis was only a passive agent, but then in the words of the poet:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."
THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

On sable, ceaseless wings, in rapid flight,
Our time is speeding on without delay,
And as it drags along all wrong and right
It furrows deeper traces all the way;
It casts upon dim future, as in play,
A darker shadow so auspicious, clear.

That numerous eager hands stretch out each day
To seize the shade-formed object flitting near,
But from their fancied grasp the idols disappear.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

SUCCESS.

Faint echoes tremble through the air,
"Success" they whisper low;
Which dying whisper does prepare
For idle fools a dangerous snare
Of mishap and of woe.

And wakes a keen desire;

But startling phantoms, doubt and fear

Arise from latent lair and sneer

At projects we admire.

Shall fear deprive me then of fame
That beacons from afar?
Indeed not. Groundless fear is blame
That darkened many a hopeful name;
But mine it must not mar.

Awake, arise, O man of fear,
Dispel the mist of doubt.
Fortuna's hand is ever near;
Then cling to it and persevere
With earnest on your route.

I cannot all on chance rely;

It is but doubtful trust

That whispers "you must blindly try,"

For often when the crown seems nigh

It crumbles into dust.

I scorn thee, Chance! another way
I'll henceforth tread, not guess.
To labor long and yet seem gay,
To dread the hour that breeds delay,—
Assure us of success.

RICHELIEU.

"Richelieu," by Bulwer Lytton, is an historical play in five acts of the time of Louis XIII. Except the works of Shakespeare, no drama has called forth so much comment as "Richelieu." The play is replete with vivacity, eloquence, and richness of thought, which give the author, if not superior, at least equal honors with Bon Jonson. We look, however, in vain for the sublime sentiments and the free and unlabored succession of incidents usually found in Shakespearian plays. The poet allows the politician to inspire him too grossly. Whenever the Muse withdraws her inspirations, he seems to descend from Olympus and seek aid among the mortals. The man is then sure to make suggestions that move the reader to sympathy with the embarrassment of the poet. Bulwer Lytton, though a universal genius, is undoubtedly at his best in "Richelieu;" he could produce nothing of a higher order. In Shakespeare we have not one instance from which we might judge that the author labored in writing his lines. We do, therefore, not know the extent of Shakespeare's genius. The real merit of an author can only be ascertained by observing in how far the ideal, the perfect, obtain in his productions. Now the world possessed but one Shakespeare, hence we must seek to enjoy whatever the less gifted of our kind offer us.

The first scene of the first act in "Richelieu"

introduces us into a gambling room, where we make the acquaintance of Count Baradas and the Chevalier De Mauprat. We are at once led to despise Baradas; his duplicity, his utter disregard for the feelings of his fellowmen, and his unbounded ambition, stamp him the villain of the play. On the contrary, we sympathize with the unfortunate and ill-used Mauprat, and deplore the languor of his spirit. But when Baradas tries to instigate him to murder his foe, Cardinal Richelieu, and he then bursts forth in these patriotic words:

"Better the victim, Count,
Then the assassin.—France requires a Richelieu
But does not need a Mauprat,"

we are enamoured of this young hero and our sympathy is with him ever afterwards.

In the second scene of the first act, Cardinal Richelieu, old and decrenit, but the fire of his eyes still flashing as in the days of his youth, enters leaning upon Joseph and conversing kindly with him. The awful man stands before us in all his majesty; venerable, bent beneath the burden of years, his countenance beaming with insuperable intellectual power; the words seem to come from an unearthly being. His penetration, his keen foresight, and his utter disregard for danger exceed any preconceived idea of his greatness. When shortly afterwards his sweet Julie enters we obtain a view of the social character of the Cardinal, but we are at a loss what to admire more, the affability and fatherly love for his orphan ward, or the shrewdness with which he coaxed the secret of her love from her bosom.

After Julie leaves, Mauprat enters. Now both, the Cardinal and Mauprat rise in all their greatness; the one stern and imperious; the other proud and passive. Mauprat concedes to everything and humbly pleads his adverse fortune as the cause of his misdoings; but when he is called a thief, his self-respect recoils at the charge, and he shouts with a vengeance.

"Lord Cardinal! Unsay those words!"
Richelieu seems not to notice this; he continues to reproach Mauprat and urges him to pay his debts.
Mauprat in the face of death good-humoredly asks,

"Where shall I borrow, then, the money?"
This is sufficient for the shrewd Richelieu; he now knows his man and is as frank and open to him as Mauprat had been to himself. Youthful vigor seems to return into the Cardinal's withered frame, and with thrilling eloquence he proclaims what he has done for France and hurls defiance at his enemies who called his policy cruelty. He says:

"What was my art?"
Genius, some say, some Fortune, Witchcraft some.
Not so:—my art was Justice."

Mauprat was pardoned partly out of policy and partly on account of the noble qualities he evinced while the Cardinal upbraided him; but shortly afterwards he shows a still more amiable trait of delicate feeling for others. Richelieu urges him to marry his ward and asks him whether he told her of his love. Mauprat answers:

"My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid, Lowliest in France, I would not so have wronged her As bid her link rich life and virgin hope With one, the deathman's grip might from her side Pluck at the nuptial altar."

Good Joseph is rather a man of the world than of the cloister and is, doubtlessly, introduced only to cause ripples of laughter. He is informed about the particulars of the conspiracy and out of devotedness and in view of the promised bishopric is almost over-solicitous for the safety of his master. The good monk, stupid as he is, always meddles with the Cardinal's affairs, he makes suggestions, urges the Cardinal to do this and to omit that and even tries to avert the marriage of Julie with "the penniless husband." Richelieu always bears up good-humoredly with the follies and unconscious witticisms of his friend: only in this last suggestion he is cut short:

"Bah! the mate for beauty Should be a man and not a money chest."

In the second act we again meet the villainous Baradas plying all his arts to become Prime Minister "in spite of the Lord Cardinal." He instigates Mauprat once more to kill the Cardinal.— The king had been in love with Julie, now Mauprat's wife. The enemies of Richelieu persuade the king to annul the marriage, because it is an insult to his person, and to call Julie to the Palais and forbid Mauprat to speak to her. Baradas ascribes all this to the "intriguer" Richelieu who wishes to ensnare and destroy him. Poor Mauprat does not perceive the treachery of Baradas; beside himself with grief and rage he engages to slay his benefactor.

The second scene brings us back to Richelieu's

Palais. Joseph like usual is haranguing him with the great dangers of the conspiracy and presses him to care for the safety of his person. Richelieu treats the suggested cautions with utter scorn. Ho says:

"Bah! in policy

We foil gigantic dangers not by giants
But dwarfs.—The statues of our stately fortune
Are sculptured by the chisel,—not the axe."

Ruelle, opens the third act. Oppressed by the darkness of the night and somewhat disquieted about the rapid progress of the conspiracy, he utters these memorable words:

"In silence and at night the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than power.
Ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are, and by the smoking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features."

This is, in our opinion, the profoundest passage in the entire play; it is really worthy of the great man that utters it. Richelieu was conscious of his greatness; and he knew, too, that posterity would pass severely upon some of his actions, but he knew also that no one could have done more for France, or could have done it otherwise.

Soon after this soliloquy Richelieu is face to face with the assassin but he never trembles.

"Armand de Richelieu dies not by hand of man.—
Who dares in Richelieu murder France?"
As soon as he recognizes in the murderer his

favored Mauprat, he sees the game that is played with this unhappy man. The schemes that seem undeniable evidences to Mauprat, are as clear as crystal to the penetrating Richelieu. The Cardinal is now out of immediate danger; Mauprat is easily reconciled to him; but below waits a rabble thirsting for the blood of the Prime Minister. There is no escape; every egress is occupied by soldiery. That night "the lion's skin was eked out with the fox's," and Richelieu triumphs once more over his enemies. While the Cardinal is straining all his power to obtain the self-written death-warrant of his opponents, those wretches are rejoicing over the death of Richelieu. Shouts for the liberty of France and cheers for the king rise on every side.

In the fourth and fifth acts we are grieved to see the veteran statesman and the gray-haired and feeble Cardinal humbled by the young upstart of the king, who owed his life, his power, and his kingdom to the energy of that staunch man. Richelieu ruled France for fifteen years; he was a father to his subjects, and now the king refuses him even a hearing. It is revolting to see the man crouch at the foot of the very throne that he had created and there crave for justice and safety. Richelieu, though rejected, is determined to foil the intrigues of his enemies. His spies are set to work, the fatal dispatch is recovered, and when the villains already exult over their victory the undaunted man appears with the scroll and then "the melting snow of his whitening hair caused a flood that swept his adversaries into the sea of disgrace and death." Theodore Saurer, '99.

TORQUATO TASSO.

(TRANSLATED.)

The setting sun's red light suffuses
Sorrento's roofs with golden dye;
The ocean's limpid wave is smiling
And mirrors soft the azure sky.
And oars are splashing, boats are speeding,
The sails, but lightly swollen, blow;
And on the beach 'mid orange blossoms
Whole troops of cheerful persons go.

But yonder one with dusky mantle
Alone and silent seeks his way;
He passes through the crowds a stranger,
A shadow in the sun's bright ray.
Pale is the wanderer's lofty forehead,
His look is dull and dim and bleared.
Does he bespeak a hope that's faded,
Or mourn good fortune disappeared?

He well may mourn the fate that fettered His genius free and checked its flight; The man you see in beggar garments Was once in gold-trimmed robes bedight. True poesy with lovely flowers Torquato Tasso's forehead crowned; The sun of princely favor dazzled, And woman's glowing love he found.

A happy "once" has borne him upward, A "moment" dropped him to the dust; Vile envy of ed Ferrara's prison, Elack calumny him thither thrust. Where then the eagle lonesome lingered Till free at last, he longed to reach His I leasant childhood's quiet harbor—Sorrento's dearly cherished beach.

He treads again those well-known places
And lists to cheery calls of joy
And hears the songs himself created
When still a glowing poet boy.
Like then he sees the pageant flowers,
Like then he sees the men pass by;
No lip bids him a loving welcome,
The flowers only greet him shy.

But you his father's dwelling beckons
On steepy cliff in glowing west;
His soul imbibes its trembling glimmer
Which coys the fugitive to rest.
Of all he called his own, his sister—
And she alone—to him remained.
Did she forget him? Will she know him?
And has her love for him not waned?

With speedy step he hastens thither
And at the gate, he knocks with fear.
But lo! still graced with sable ringlets
He sees his sister's self appear.
With alms and words of consolation
The unknown mendicant she greets,
Who lifts his eye with sorrow clouded,
And deeply moved her eye he meets.

Then dawn the golden recollections
Of distant childhood's bygone charms
Upon her heart. She knows her brother
And opens wide her loving arms.
And long he rests in her embraces—
And on his sorrow-smitten face
She reads as long with silent glances
His deep misfortune's ev'ry trace.

She leads him to the dear old places
Where once he roved a cheerful lad—
She offers him his father's mantle—
The son, whom grief made pale and sad.

If he had erred,— she never queries
Nor asks, where fortune's bark was hurled?
The world may judge and may reject him—
Her heart is truer than the world.

The house is fanned while twilight lowers
By gentle wings of western breeze;
The re-united at the window
In silence gaze upon the seas.
About them chimes in tones enchanting
Their youth's reviving legend bright;
And love's soft ray falls reconciling
Once more into the poet's night. D. A. B. '93.

THE PRINCESS.

J HAT is more satisfactory than the assurance of having a true friend? It pleases us extremely when such a friend unfolds his whole nature, be it either praiseworthy or consist it of some shortcomings. Tennyson is such a friend, if we but seek his friendship. Acuteness of aesthetic taste and greatness of mind grow upon us as our friendship with the model becomes more intimate. As long as the great mind of Tennyson seems a mysterious something to us, while the proffered love of the laureate falls yet on an indifferent heart, we but little understand the thought of Tennyson. We must perceive at least some part of that feeling with which the poet was imbued. Only then does Tennyson's spirit mingle secretly with ours.

A thorough study of "In Memoriam" is undoubtedly of greater advantage than the perusal

of "The Princess." "In Memoriam" has more delicate poetry as well as deeper and wider ranging thought; but "The Princess" has many minor charms not found in "In Memoriam." First of all its originality should attract us, and the character of the time reflected in it ought to entice our curiosity to a minute study.

"The Princess" is wholly ancient in custom, but intensely modern in thought. It is, as Tennyson says, "smacking of the time." All personages are formed and clothed according to ancient models but animated by a modern soul. This redounds in some regards to the honor of the poet, because it requires perfect art to blend two opponent elements into one apparent whole.

It was, however, a dangerous attempt to allow the thought and feeling of the time to flow in so freely, because it granted but a very limited range of action so that the poet was forced to "move as in a strange diagonal." However narrow the path and hazardous its windings, Tennyson never stumbled; much less did he fall.

Ida's purpose

"To lift woman's fall'n divinity Upon an even pedestal with men"

was partly obtained, but not in that manner in which the proud princess had fancied to herself.

Tennyson could not permit the teaching that there be

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,"

to become reality. Yet he was forcibly bound to

touch upon some delicate points. How masterly did he acquit himself of this necessity: when in deeper thought and reflection we expect him to become intensely earnest Tennyson takes refuge to gaiety and wit; on the contrary, when levity ought to be the prevailing characteristic the poet leans strongly toward the serious. This seems a good method to avoid extremes as well as sharp censure if a misstep should have happened.

"The Princess" received the full breath of Tennyson's artistic genius; it is wholly surrounded by art, though it may not appear to us at first. This however is the poet's ingenuity, who covers his own art with still more perfect touches of real art. It is impossible to distinguish where art and nature meet, because Tennyson has united them so perfectly that they seem a consubstantial whole. To cover little faults with greater praise would not be just; so to judge "The Princess" without prejudice we must examine it from different sides. The Tennysonian fountain of beautiful phrases and rich expressions seems to have been overfull. The richness trickled down on all sides, and, as it found no cavities wherein to gather, it spread itself freely over the whole work.

In the prologue we find the key to the story. Tennyson not only sets up the question which he intends to solve, but he gives us a brief explanation of the train of thought. Without the prologue the poem would be obscure; at least, we would hesitate to judge as we do now. It is pleasing to observe that the poet formed his whole structure according to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Ida is the most prominent character of the story, but not the most pleasing. The poet has placed her in an atmosphere too strange for us to breathe in. We fail to discover in her the woman endowed with a human soul. A strongly felt sensation sets our sympathy against her, for

"All she is and does is awful."

This "poet-princess" finds fault with the whole world and its arrangements; she thinks herself the instrument to bring about a change for the better,

"to mould the woman to a fuller day."

However, her high aims cannot agree with our ideas; her stubborn prejudiced views create a just indignation against her person; and not until

"her falser self slipped from her like a robe"
do we recognize this idealized person as belonging
to the genus of man. To draw real sketches of
character seems to be Tennyson's weakest side.
In all his longer poems, excepting "Enoch Arden,"
we find the characters either highly idealized or
indistinctly drawn. Some flit before us like strange
phantoms, partly man, partly superhuman beings;
others, fantastic creations, dwindle into mist while
we attempt to approach them.

The light-minded, yet honest, Cyril is masterly pictured. He was necessary to attain the poet's end, but Tennyson undoubtedly introduced him principally for humor and pleasing wit.

Of all the characters none is more perfectly photoed from nature than Lillia. Her ready speech and earnestly playful ways catch at once the attention of the reader who surely nods a sat-

isfactory assent to her doings. Tennyson allows her the sharpest raillery without crossing due bounds. Her whole self is best explained when the poet speaks of her as

"a rosebud set with little willful thorns."

Every one will see at the first reading that "The Princess" cannot be a study of characters, but a study of poetry. "The Princess" is a grand symphony of almost every variety of poetry: epic, lyric, didactic, satirical. For this reason "The Princess" must be a favorite study to acquire and practice sound judgment, because the different varieties are so nicely interwoven that we sometimes hesitate for a moment to give a criticism. We feel no perceptible harshness or forced swings in Tennyson's changes. Take for instance passages wherein his descriptive and narrative faculties are in play.

Tennyson was undoubtedly a great lover of nature. In all his works he delights to call attention to some distinctive beauties in nature or to introduce minor observations that escape the eyes "The Princess" is not ornamented of other men. with such delicacies as "In Memoriam;" it bears the full flush of glowing youth. The poet did not allow his descriptive power to work at random, perhaps to free himself from a pressure. As the May sun never shines without enhancing the charms of a scenery so do these natural descriptions help to bring out the sentiments of the story with a greater distinctness. They help not only to hold our attention with more assurance, but they point out the most prominent characteristics of personages. Sometimes they stand in contrast to their object; then they run parallel with it, adding their own charm and advantages to those of the person.

There are perhaps some who conjecture that Tennyson added the songs unnecessarily. Without these songs, however, "The Princess" would be incomplete; they are necessary links holding the whole together and supplying the insufficiencies in the story itself. Though the songs are simple, they are very artistic and contain a good bit of thought. They likewise help to bring out the soul and sympathy of woman in an ingenious way.

This is their use in the medley; as to their worth as productions in art we must number them among the first class of lyric poetry. They gush forth freely from the fountain of lyrical songs. The songs are also remarkable for their rhythmic effect. The lively, yet graceful movement, the masterly swing of metre, seem to create their own music to the song. Take away the songs, and "The Princess" will lose its main charm, and the chain will be broken. "The Princess" is a faithful echo of the cries of the time. It is not the poet's soul communing with us, but the spirit of the age caught in Tennyson's mind; there it is crystallized and tinged with the poet's imagination, that its novelty becomes a pleasant surprise VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99. to the world.

FATHER FABER'S HYMNS.

If after reading Thackeray, Dickens, or almost any other novelist we take up any of Faber's works, it seems like a soothing balm being diffused through our spirit. We are surfeited with the worldliness and sentimentalism in the former works unless these tendencies are fully counterbalanced by beauty of diction and liveliness of imagination. In Faber's Hymns, however, we continually find new and abiding pleasure; it is as though there were a halo about his works left there by the impress of his hand, and the more easily distinguishable the longer we dwell on his words.

There exists a vast difference between Faber's poetry and that of Keats and Shelley. The latter are the most poetical of the poets of nature which they deified; the former having found the true source of poetry is the most poetical of God's own poets. In his Hymns we can best ascertain the greatness of the poet.

Having struggled for a long time in the search after the true religion and having at length had the happiness to find that, the thought of God, as a Catholic Christian sees Him, "makes life's sweetest smiles from tears;" he followed this end "to make piety bright and happy." With so divine an object in view and with a heart fructified by heavenly dews, he could not but produce prolific fruits.

His other works, though none the less grand

and beautiful are not for the average reader, because poetical flights in religion seem almost impossible without detriment to the subject treated. His Hymns are for all ages and peoples. Faber well knew the great power of song upon the human mind, and following the example of St. Aldhelm he composed his Hymns for the reconversion of England. Nor did he work in vain; for now these Hymns are re-echoed throughout the whole Christian world; and he, no doubt, already glorified in Heaven still continues to praise God and to console the afflicted upon this earth. What a glorious immortality did Faber thus prepare for himself, to which if compared the popularity of other poets seems but trivial and ephemeral.

The underlying thought that flows through all his Hymns is happiness in the worship of God even in the most severe trials; it is "light in the darkness" of this exile. He bids us be consoled, for it is a kind Father who punishes us, who also will again alleviate our sorrows:

"But am I comfortless? Oh, no!
Jesus this pathway trod;
And deeper in my soul than grief
Art Thou, my dearest God."

Who could have written such lines but a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of God and anxious to impart his happiness to his fellow-men?

Faber wrote his Hymns to familiarize Catholics with the beauty of the worship of God with whom he converses even as a child with his father. "It is so grand," he says, "to be allowed to say daring words to our dearest, dearest Lord." In this he acts the part of a physician of souls. Faber

was acquainted with all the pulsations of a Christian's heart. He having been tried in a severe school knew the ailments of the soul and also the remedies; his medicine is, however, not bitter and distasteful, but a sweet and soothing balm to the spirit.

No doubt, the elegancy of form suffers beneath the expression of eternal truths. This, however, is but rarely the case, and even if it happened often to him, Faber may well be pardoned. He wrote not so much to be made the butt of severe criticism as to instill into Christian hearts the love of the truly beautiful; he wrote not so much for beauty as for truth. Though in Faber, perhaps more than in any other poet, these two qualities are inseparably united; but beauty of diction must suffer before truth loses any of its force. Faber not taken such unshaken divine truths for his objects, he might now perhaps be considered a standard in the province of the beautiful. this does not at all derogate from his greatness; on the contrary, it gives us a nobler idea of the Father Faber stands before us ever sincere man. in the search of truth, ever firm in its protection.

Pius A. Kanney, '99.



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DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

Mirth—The Spirit of the Romance.

"But one Puritan among them all, and he sings psalms to hornpipes." The ideal state of things thus described by the Warwickshire stroller is not exactly here, but we feel it coming as we feel spring coming when we hear a blue-bird in some far-off hedge pouring out vague prophecies of the

wonderful breath in the South. Those who like humanity to live out its nature find cause for joy in the return of the romance. In no slender sounds comes the blue-bird's note of hope that foretells the time when the brave heart's blood of John Barleycorn will sparkle in the land, and the king will enjoy his own again. Romance stands for mirth against sadness. Boldly speaking the romance stands for growth as against decay; for human, Shakesperian life as against gloomy, Ibsenesque life. The romance is reviving not only under a merely reactionary force, but because now, as in the time of Scott, an hour of noble, glorious life is worth an eternity of commonplace existence. People were for a while charmed by realism, and the realists were induced into believing all their good friends of plumes and caracoles laid safely away beneath the sod. It transpired, however, that it was but a straw paunch after all into which Roland had stuck his dagger. Patti's voice is said to take its charm from a disease in the throat. The craving for realism struck its root in a generation of diseased imaginations. Voltaire said to be perfectly charming an actress must have a dash of the devil in her. It is so with the realists, only they would have their dash of the devil erotic, while Voltaire would take his sprightly. Every generation rides its literary hobby. In Shakespeare's time this hobby took the mild form of a play upon words; in the one closing it takes the more serious form of admiration for disease and the devil; in the next it is to be hoped the flower of Christian knighthood will inspire a literature

without stain and without reproach and without hobby. Such a literature will have to top every thing from Scott to Charles Majors, and give us almost a new type of romance, for, to say the truth, the old is far from flawless. One cannot well burst into jubilates at thought of a world where failure to differentiate between tweedledum and tweedledee involves loss of one's neck; nor yet do we consider him an exponent of the highest manhood who takes on board a cumalose jag, dips a flourishing palm tree in the crimson planet Mars, and starts out to paint the face of creation. Men now think very little of persons who siderialize themselves in this way. But there is a saving element in the romances of the Scott type,—the element of mirth. When the romance flourishes it is a sign that the world is filled with men who look out upon the world with large, generous eyes, men that, like the minstrel of Shakespere, have eaten ballads, and have only to open their mouths if they would flood the world with song. Those who follow up the trend of periodic literature observe the increasing number of articles that treat the subject of mirth and good cheer. It seems that some benign power lets these articles appear in a sort of logical sequence. For instance, Doctor Egan writes of the beauty of simplicity—the pioneer of mirth; straightway follows Max O'Rell with studies in cheerfulness.

Mirth and power go hand in glove. The national life of Germany, the most powerful people of the present, is nothing, if not mirthful. That is a rare village in Germany which has not its

band and its merry group to sing their songs of a pleasant evening. In this country we stand along the side lines and howl ourselves hoarse, but we are not then mirthful; the giddiness of our schoolgirls is traditional; sub rosa the same is true of quite as many boys, but that giddiness does not establish a character of mirthfulness. Mirth is a spontaneity, a power of the soul that lets joy slip from the heart as naturally as foam rides the "berry, brown ale." We Americans sometimes credit ourselves with unbounded power. It is not power that makes us successful; it is nervous force and the knack of concentration. These qualities soon lose their verve; power endures. Power results from the fusion of labor and rest, each rightly proportioned. Hitherto we have overproportioned labor, underproportioned rest; and hence we gratefully observe labor and rest assuming their proper relation, as indicated by the growing taste for the romantic novel. By rest we do not mean lassitude or torpor; rest opens a way to Mother Nature to steal into the tired brain cells with her gold from the sun and her fragrance from the woods. The more restful we are, the happier; and the happier we are, the more mirthful. Shakespere again gives the vade-mecum:

"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile—a
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile—a."
THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

EXCHANGES.

It savors of desecration perhaps to indulge in criticism of the February Chimes. It is ruthlessly tearing the rose asunder in preference to enjoying its fragrance and its fairness. Beauty-burdened most adequately expresses our sentiments. Does the writer of those stray leaves from a Diary always write so charmingly? We sincerely hope more of these withered bits of mistletoe may float into the Chimes' Sanctum. There is an exquisite poem in the same number from which we cannot but quote these lines:

"And a strength that was born of the stillness
Stole into my care-weary heart;
My spirit no longer was lonely,
But seemed of all nature a part.
And God was so close to the mountains,
And I was so close unto them;
My soul felt the stir of His garments,
And knelt as I kissed His robe's hem."

The STUDENT, a new exchange hailing from Brooklyn, is very welcome to our sanctum, especially so since it appears to contain the nucleus of a strong college paper. Criticism would perhaps be quite out of place, still we will venture to suggest that the editors pay more attention to artistic make-up. All articles of local interest only should appear after the editorial page.

The January number of the Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian arrived too late to receive mention in our exchange column last month. In fact we are

sorry that it arrived at all, for it is our unpleasant duty to take to task one of that paper's members on the charge of dishonesty. A first glance over the essay on What to Read led us into the belief that somewhere we had already read those kindly bits of advice. The genial Dr. Egan in his excellent booklet, A Gentleman, has devoted an entire chapter to What to Read. Upon comparison we found that Mr. Buckley had copied verbatim page after page from the Gentleman. The MT. SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN owes it to honorable college journalism to repudiate such unfair methods. is to be hoped that Mr. Buckley's name will in future be conspicuous by its absence on the CoL-LEGIAN'S staff of editors. Distasteful as it sometimes may be to call a spade a spade, we must say that a plagiarist is a liar and a thief, nothing more, nothing less.

Perhaps we drew our conclusions too readily and too early in the year when in one of our early numbers we spoke severely of the MT ST. MARY'S RECORD. We are glad to note that that paper has taken giant strides forward in subsequent numbers and we lay it down with more pleasurable and kindly feelings toward all about us. A lively sense of humor pervades all its contributions, especially is this true of Miss Thorne's Mon Amie et Moi and the essay on Education. Even the exchange editor has a knack of blending humor and sarcasm with effect.

A change of outward appearance seems to have had a salutary effect upon the XAVIER contributions as a whole. We are all inclined to be

more careful in our doings when we know that we have our best clothes on. Not an article in the last number but is worthy of praise. The Legend of the Holy Grail is especially commendable. The editorials, exchanges, and book notes are written in a pleasing yet vigorous style. The exchanges betray keen discrimination on the part of the editor.

The Commune, a poem in the S.V.C. STUDENT, scarcely approaches mediocrity. It is weak and wordy, and some verses border on the ridiculous, as the following:

"From the sea to burning Paris
Marched the soldiers of the line,
While the 'Reds' prepared to meet them
With plunder and rapine."

The essay on the study of the classics shows the author to have but a poor conception of that whereof he writes. The editorials are well written and display care in their writing as do the exchanges.

Felix T. Seroczynski, '99.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. The officers elected at the meeting held on February 3, are as follows: President, V. Krull; Vice-President, F. Ersing; Treasurer, V. Schuette; Secretary, V. Muinch; Critic, T. Travers; Marshal, C. Faist; Librarian, E. Hefele; Executive Committee, J. Mutch, W. Hordeman, P. Kanney; Editor, T. Saurer.

The following is the program to be rendered on the evening of Washington's birthday: Oration, F. Ersing; Comic Recitation, H. Fehrenbach; Debate: Affirmative, D. Brackman and F. Seroczynski; Negative, V. Krull and T. Travers; Recitation, J. Mutch; Columbian, C. Uphaus. The subject of the debate is: Resolved, that the study of the novel affords more mental and moral culture than the study of poetry.

A. L. S. The Aloysians elected the following officers for the present term: President, H. Horstman; Vice-President, G. Diefenbach; Secretary, O. Bremerkamp; Treasurer, A. Kamm; Marshal, B. Horstman; Librarian, P. Biegel; Executive Committee, F. Theobald, W. Flaherty, C. Hemsteger.

MARIAN SODALITY. The sodality held its regular meeting, Sunday, Feb. 5th. The officers elected are as follows: Prefect, D. Brackman; First Assistant Prefect, W. Arnold; Second Assistant Prefect, V. Muinch. The secretary and consultors have not yet been chosen.

League of the Sacred Heart. On Feb. 23, the members of the league assembled in chapel to witness the conferring of the crosses and diplomas upon those promoters who had undergone a six months' probation. Father Bonaventure, the Spiritual Director, conducted the ceremonies. The following members received cross and diploma: E. Ley, W. Arnold, V. Muinch, X. Jaeger, and L. Hoch. Those that received promotership since the opening of this school-year will receive their crosses and diplomas on the feast of the Sacred Heart next June.

MILITARY. A competitive drill for officers took place on Tuesday, Jan. 24th. Following is the result: Second Lieutenant, J. Mutch; First Sergeant, C. Uphaus; Second Sergeant, E. Ley; Color Sergeant, E. Werling. According to custom there will be an exhibition drill on Washington's birthday.

WM. ARNOLD, '01.

LOCALS.

Proofshirt.
In Penmanship.
What is a rectangel?
Semi-animal examination.
Is your average as "mean" as mine?
Take a safe seat for the second session.
Lucian went to the doctor for Lancaster oil.
If your minds are pumped out, get a fresh store.
Ley made a touchdown and goalkick on the
25—line.

That's the good old Greek method. He beat the record.

What is the chief centre of attraction on our globe? It is continually shifting; last year it was Klondike; this year it is the American national retreat in bona fide; next year it will be the exhibition at Paris.

The post-graduates of this year are the first of the students at St. Joseph's to enjoy the privilege of accompanying Livy in the train of Hannibal over the Alps. In the beginning the task was

difficult. Every now and then the scholars were afraid of getting stuck in one of those twisted tracts which seem to have no limit. But now they are used to it, and moreover, a warm breeze from Italy shall soon melt away the fearful aspect of those seemingly insurmountable stumbling-blocks.

An anonymous composition in verse is making its round in St. Xavier Hall. Here are its opening lines:

"WhenCyclone gently whispers
The prefect grinds his teeth, etc."

As the production finds much favor with the students, we should like to discover its author to give him due credit for his epic.

Is it really so cold?—Leo Holtschneider: "No, it is neither cold nor warm; the quicksilver stands at zero."

One morning Mr. Muinch was entirely broken down; however, some loving soul helped him raise his bed, and he recovered.

Till lately the Juniors have described parabolas; but now they landed in a network of angles (trigonometry) from which they can scarcely extricate themselves.

"Ah, Doctor,
I am Bill,
Have you a pill
That will not kill,
But cures my ill?"
"Yes, here's the bill."

While P. Benedict is leading his Latin class into warmer climes, P. Maximilian is leading his sophomores up, and with young Cyrus they go to

Siberia. If they keep on Going up (Anabasis) they will be the first to reach the pole. We hope the class will not sustain any serious losses.

The third Latin class has now learned that gall (Gaul) is divided into three parts.

Most people become learned by degrees. But some of our minims waxed wise instantaneously. It is a pity that the growth of their bodies cannot keep pace with that of their minds; otherwise they could have gone to the giant department instead of settling down in the main building.

Lassus seems to have quite a correspondence. A package of envelopes is needed every week. He converted his desk into a letter box and his pillow into a mail bag. Mail carrier wanted.

On Saturday, January the 28th the annual retreat was begun with zeal and fervor by all the students. It was very ably conducted by Rev. C. Ganser of Kentland, Ind. The praises due him are on every student's lips. A fond remembrance of him will long linger in their minds, and resolutions formed will stand firm as long as they recollect his advices.

Since a typewriting "shop" was opened in the main building quite a number of typical students flocked to the "Remington Standard."

"Say, Eckstein, what kind of a wind instrument do you blow?—Eckstein: "The big organ."

Says Wills, "If you cannot rest at night, it will be a consolation to you to remember that you enjoy at least a negative quantity of sleep. That's a benefit derived from the study of algebra."

Come to Wahl if your shin-(chin)-protectors

itch; he'll shave them off.

Since Albinus joined the band nobody ever heard of him.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

Leap year, come! O fearful woe!
Untired spins the wheel of time;
Days pass on and months in rhyme;
Great gifts on others they bestow.
Endless now his joy would grow,
Received this month a twenty-ninth.

How long must he yet wait
Until he sees his natal day!
Before perhaps his hair turns gray?
Ere youthful vigor must abate?
Right years he only numbers eight.

Following the example of the Rev. Prefect of Aquino Hall the Rev. Spiritual Director of St. Xavier Hall has recently introduced a feature which by some is looked upon as an intensely modern improvement, by others as an excellent antidote for some students' towering ambitions (themselves, of course, excluded), and which all regard as furnishing interesting matter for devout medi-We refer to the fact that a monthly percentage of conduct and application is exhibited in the study hall for contemplation and inspection by humanity at large. Some few students about to send in an application for their future canonization to Rome have been dissuaded from so doing upon recognizing at what degree of holiness they are put down by authorities who claim to know a thing or two about such affairs. (We beg to subjoin that the writer of the above happens to belong to the class just referred to— Ed.)

Though there were some few remarkable drops in the semi-annual examinations the average result seems to us very satisfactory. Like last year these results have again been printed in pamphlet form by Mr. Rosenthal, Cincinnati, O. Upon the arrival of these from the printing office the 99's have done some very accurate and detailed figuring as to the probabilities of the summa cum laude, the first general average, the prize winners, and other interesting particulars to turn up in June, and which with some degree of certainty may be conjectured from the outcome of these semi-annual examinations.

There are not a few boys at the College, who, though the second session has scarce begun, are already getting restless and longing for the charming days of June. There may linger in these students' minds a faint recollection of a beautiful verse in which Lowell apostrophizes these blessed June days; but we seriously doubt whether that poetic effusion be the only cause why those days are so earnestly coveted by a certain class of our youth.

"Over the hills and out of sight" mutters Cob as often as he returns from a hunt. Many a happy little rabbit would chuckle and be highly flattered if he knew that he was the subject of those inspired words.

In our last issue we stated that the Teutonians were to render a Drama, "Das Heiligtum von Antiochien," at the beginning of the second session. However, in consequence of a protracted and serious indisposition of Father Clement, the re-

hearsals could not be held and the play had to be postponed. If no further obstacles thwart the plans of the actors, they will appear before the foot lights on St. Joseph's day or thereabouts.

The January number of the Collegian acknowledged the receipt of a number of Mexican curiosities received from Rev. Father F. Schneider, C.PP.S. of San Antonio, Texas. It was overlooked by the writer of the acknowledgment that our thanks for the beautiful Christmas gift are equally due to another warm friend of the College—Rev. B. Dickman, C. PP. S., who had invested an equal sum with Father F. Schneider to cover the cost of the articles mentioned. We profoundly regret that this slight on our part occurred and here hasten to express our sincerest thanks to Father B. Dickman.

PERSONALS.

Since New Year the following of the Rev. Clergy visited with us: Rev. A. Hemmersbach, Cedar Point, O.; Rev. C. Ganser, Kentland, Ind.; Rev. B. Biegel, Elwood, Ind.; Rev. R. J. Pratt, Arcola, Ind.; Rev. P. J. Weber, Earl Park, Ind.; Rev. Francis Nigsch, C.PP.S., pastor of Church of the Most Precious Blood, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Rev. L. Linder, C. PP. S., Winamac, Ind.; Rev. R. Schmaus, C. PP. S., St. Stephens, O.

Collegeville bids a hearty welcome to a former villager in the person of the Rev. Frederic Baumgartner, C. PP. S., who will henceforth labor con-

jointly with the Rev. A. Gietl, C. PP. S., present editor of the Messenger and Botschafter, in behalf of the Archconfraternity of the Most Precious Blood and the Spiritual Benevolent Fraternity as general solicitor and promoter.

The C. L. S. avails itself of this space to thank the Rev. F. J. Schalk, C. PP. S., Chaplain of Convent Maria Stein, O., for a neat little volume entitled: Westchester, a Tale of the Revolution, by Henry Austin Adams, M. A. HUSTLER.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95—100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of January appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90—95 per cent.

F. Kuenle, W. Hordeman, J. Mutch, C. Uphaus, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Biegel, C. Fralich, A. Bremerkamp, H. Plas, J. Seitz; J. Meyer, H. Wellman, C. Diemer, J. Steinbrunner, W. Keilman, A. McGill, J. Wessel, J. Braun, L. Dabbelt, M. Schwieterman, C. Hils, C. Wetli, P. Wahl, N. Keilman, T. Brackman, D. Brackman, V. Krull, V. Schuette, P. Staiert, L. Linz, D. Neuschwanger, H. Seiferle, R. Stoltz, C. Miller, M. Koester, S. Hartmann, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, L. Huber, A. Schuette.

90-95 PER CENT.

F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Arnold, G. Diefenbach, H. Horstman, O. Holtschnei-

der, L. Walther, O. Bremerkamp, A. Schlaechter, T. Ehinger, C. Hepp, A. Junk, H. Fehrenbach, E. Deininger, I. Rapp, C. Faist, P. Kanney, T. Kramer, S. Meyer, B. Staiert, B. Holler, R. Smith, X. Jaeger, L. Hoch, M. Schmitter, A. Rainer, F. Didier, B. Alt, H. Knapke.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes at the semi-annual examination. The names of those that reached an average of from 84—90 per cent, will be found in the second paragraph.

90—100 PER CENT.

T. Saurer, I. Rapp, V. Schuette, P. Staiert, P. Kanney, T. Travers, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, S. Hartmann, S. Kremer, E. Werling, A. Schuette, H. Muhler, J. Braun, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, H. Knapke, A. Rainer, F. Didier, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, N. Keilman.

84—90 PER CENT.

W. Hordeman, L. Linz, E. Hefele, H. Seiferle, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, B. Staiert, M. Koester, E. Wills, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, L. Hoch, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, C. Hils, B. Horstman, M. Schwieterman, B. Alt, C. Grube, R. Reineck, B. Scherzinger, D. Hammon, C. Uphaus, C. Rohrkemper, H. Plas, J. Meyer, A. Bremerkomp, O. Holtschneider, C. Fralich, B. Recker, L. Walther, S. Shenk, T. Ehinger, L. Dabbelt, F. Wagner, A. Junk, C. Wetli, P. Wahl.

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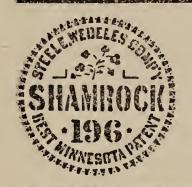
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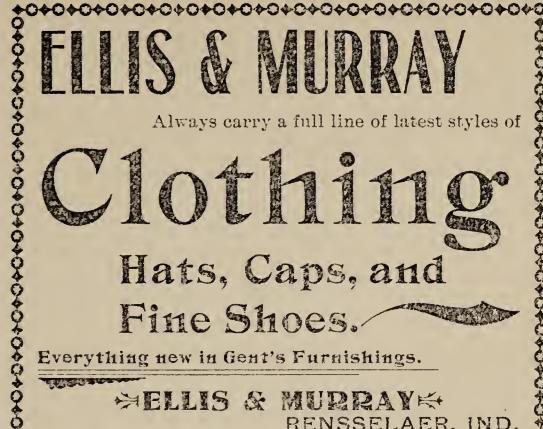
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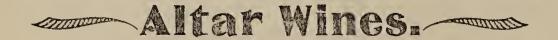
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